

INDIAN RECORDED



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146 WPG, MAN.

2th YEAR—No. 1

JANUARY, 1949

NEWS BRIEFS

PARTIAL LOSS ONLY

SARDIS, B.C. — The fire at the St. Joseph's Indian Sanatorium destroyed part of the building only. The former estimated loss of \$500,000 is revised at a lower figure. The operating room, nurses quarters, and other parts of the destroyed building will be rebuilt soon.

NEW RESERVE FOR STONIES

CALGARY, ALTA. — A reserve has been opened for a band of 140 Pekiske Stoney Indians at Eden Valley Ranch, in the Highwood district, southwest of Calgary. The reserve contains 3,000 acres of good farm land and pasture. The new Stoney reserve is to have a school and a hospital. These Stonies are relatives of the Morley reserve Stonies, but have never lived at Morley, being nomads.

WINS AUTOMOBILE

PORT ALBERNI, B.C. — Sherman Lauder, 10, won a new automobile given in connection with the annual Kinsmen Hayseed Ball, Oct. 14. The car was presented to young Sherman at the city hall. Before he could claim the car Sherman had to answer the question: "What river flows down the Alberni Valley to the sea?" He had the right answer: "The Somass river", because he lives by that river. (Native Voice)

SOCIAL STUDIES

SARDIS, B.C. — Sister Dorothy Marie, of the St. Catherine Indian Day school, near Duncan, has evolved a splendid course of social studies for her pupils. The topic for the spring semester is "Our Expanding Community". The course is designed to arouse the interest of the pupils in their own people and community. Tribal divisions, tribal origin, reservations, Indian names, religious history, Indian legends, etc., provide a wealth of material for such a course. Sister Dorothy states that the pupils are highly interested in this school subject.

NEW TEXT ON SAULTEUX INDIANS

ST. BONIFACE, Man. — A 65 page text on the customs of the Saulteux Indians, prepared by Rev. Fr. A. S. Sieber, S.V.D., professor of anthropology at De Paul University in Chicago, Ill., has been published recently at St. Boniface. The text is for the "sum privatum" of the missionaries, and it deals completely with the Saulteux social culture pattern and the dream complex as a factor in Saulteux life.

OPPOSE TAX PAYMENT

VANCOUVER, B.C. — Chiefs and tribal delegates have voiced their opposition to paying income tax until "white people pay for the country they promised to buy," in a meeting held at the Pender Auditorium Nov. 26. J. J. Gibson, M.P., (Comox-Alberni) spoke on the new Indian Act, stating that it would bring higher standards of living and increased citizen responsibility. Mr. Gibson warned that the Federal Government has been advised to contest the tax case in court and he believed the advice legally sound.

T.B. FIGHT GAINS IMPETUS

OTTAWA. — Working in close cooperation with the Provincial Government in Manitoba, the Indian Health and Welfare branch will soon gain full control in the fight against tuberculosis. Nursing centers have been opened at Island Lake, Cross Lake and Oxford House and a new forty-bed hospital is being completed at Norway House.

BLACKFOOT HEAD CHIEF DIES

Witnessed Signing of Historic Pact in 1877

Duck Chief, head of the Blackfoot Indian Confederacy, and one of the few surviving members of the tribe who witnessed the signing of Treaty No. 7, in 1877, was buried December 13, 1948, in the Blackfoot burial ground. He died Saturday, December 11.

Several hundred members of the Blackfoot tribe paid last homage to their chief as the last rites were administered at 11:30 a.m. Dec. 13 by Rev. A. Poulin, O.M.I. and Rev. Adrian Charron, O.M.I., superintendent of the Roman Catholic school at Gleichen.

H. E. Msgr. F. P. Carroll, bishop of Calgary, assisted at the funeral of Duck Chief. In his funeral oration he said that the chief was a peaceful man, of strong and noble character, at the example of Crowfoot.

Representatives of the Indian Affairs branch of the department of mines and resources who attended the funeral in the Roman Catholic mission at Gleichen included G. H. Gooderham, Alberta superintendent; W. P. Pugh, superintendent of the Blackfoot Reserve and R. F. Battle from the Calgary office.

Duck Chief had been in poor health for some time and his death was not unexpected.

Duck Chief was a sincere Catholic. He received Extreme Unction and Holy Communion before he died. He has always expressed a great respect for the Catholic Church, and was always in favor of our Catholic schools.

A noted warrior in his youth, Duck Chief was a boy of 13 when officials of the British crown and Canadian government gathered at Blackfoot Crossing in the late summer of 1877 to sign the famous treaty.

Head chief of the tribe at that time was Crowfoot, one of the most famous of the Plains Indians and young Duck Chief idolized

(Continued on Page 2)



Calgary Herald Photo

Duck Chief, 84-year-old head of the Blackfoot nation, died in Blackfoot Indian Hospital at Gleichen. He had been chief of the Blackfoot for 20 years. Duck Chief had seen the buffalo disappear from the plains and his people become settled on their own farms on the extensive reservation which skirts the Bow river at Gleichen and Cluny.

Our Lady Smiles At St. Laurent NEW DAY-SCHOOLS BUILT IN '48

Joe Maurice was a sturdy lad of eighteen. He loved life and was tenderly devoted to his father and mother. At the age of fifteen he had carried his dying father home from a hunting camp forty long weary miles. Now, it was his turn to be stricken while out trapping. With languishing steps he finally reached home to become bed-ridden for months.

During this time he fought desperately against T.B., heart trouble, and despair. When all human means proved powerless he turned with ardent longing and simple unalloyed faith to Our Lady Consolation of the afflicted. He would go to her shrine at Saint-Laurent, Sask., on the 16th of July.

The trip in a crammed open truck with pouring rain at the very start did not daunt his determination. "I'll come back cured," he whispered to his mother. From early morning until the return trip late in the afternoon he stayed close to Our Lady imploring, begging, pleading for life.

His poor body was exhausted when he reached home, but, he had brought back the radiance of Our Lady's smile and a strong, tender longing to go home to Her and God. Nothing seemed hard now. With heroic patience and smiling resignation he united his sufferings to those of Christ for the salvation of the world. He had been transformed and transfigured at the grotto. This miracle of grace continued long weeks of excruciating pain. He was making a slow laborious trip home, gladdened by daily Holy Communion, the recitation of the Rosary and hymns to Mary, but especially by the jubilant thought of "going home."

With queenly dignity and motherly love, Our Blessed Lady came to her devoted child at the

hour of his death to take him home and to eternal life. "Don't close the door," he said to his father one evening, "she's coming to take me home tonight." Had she sent a celestial messenger? Eternity will tell, however, he refused to recline, but sat erect awaiting the final call.

Suddenly he gazed with rapture at a fixed point and said: "Now I am going home — thank all those who helped me. I would to have Father here — but don't disturb him — it's alright — she's here — and, I'm going home." This happy two-hour trance emerged so gently into the eternal one that Joe's watching father did not notice the transition. His mother, bending over to kiss him as she came to relieve her husband, found that her child had really gone and that another Mother's embrace had left its celestial imprint.

Joe wanted life, and joy, and love, he was given far more than he had hoped from Our Lady Of Lourdes at Saint-Laurent, Sask., November, 1948.

OTTAWA. — New day schools (two-rooms) will be completed in February at Lakeview (Manitoulin Island), Lake St. Martin (Manitoba), Sarcee (Alberta) and St. Clair, (Sarnia, Ont.).

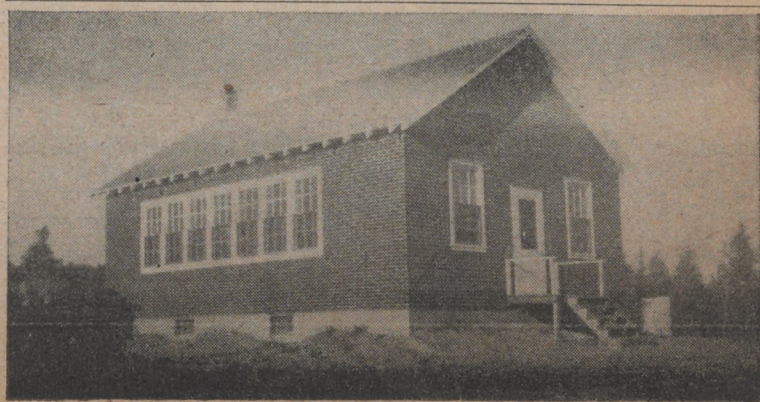
One-room schools nearing completion are located at Klemtu, B.C., Seabird Island, B.C., Nut Lake, Sask., Meadow Lake, Sask., Valley River, Man., Island Lake, Man., Peguis No. 1, Manitoba, Serpent River, Ont., Murray Hill, Ont., and Alnwick, Ont.

CAUGHNAWAGA, P.Q. — The largest day school ever built by the Dept. of Indian Affairs is being completed at Caughnawaga. Built of brick this school is a most modern structure, complete with every type of up-to-date convenience and installation. It will be opened in September.

EDMONTON, Alta. — The Youville Indian Residential school, at St. Albert, near Edmonton, will no longer be used. The pupils will be educated at the new day schools just completed on the Michel and Stoney Plains reserves. A new school is to be erected soon on Alexander's reserve.

THE PAS, Man. — As soon as winter flying permits investigation of scattered sites for as many as 20 new schools, large-scale modernization of education among northern Manitoba's Indians and half-breeds will begin.

Eric Law, Indian superintendent here, said a party representing the federal Indian affairs branch and the provincial department of education would visit most northern reservations by aircraft when weather permitted.



The new day-school at Little Grand Rapids, Man.

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC PUBLICATION FOR THE INDIANS OF CANADA

REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., EDITOR.

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A Welcome Change In Policy

Indications that new policies in the administration of Indian Affairs are being gradually worked out are welcome indeed.

For instance the new range of duties devolved upon the Agency Superintendent now comprise a positive course of action to pursue. If a band needs adequate funds for reconstruction or better equipment for logging or fishing, in order to meet the white man's competition, however, these funds are still, in most instances, unavailable. However, with persistent pleas from the Indians, from officials of the Department and from welfare agencies, we hope that in 1949 larger appropriations will be made for advancement on the reserves. In British Columbia, Mr. W. S. Arneil, the newly appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, aims "to give concrete encouragement wherever there are definite signs that the Indians are trying to help themselves.

Last year, for the first time, a much-needed study was made of the history of government policy towards the Indians, similar to studies made several times in the United States in past years. In Canada, Dr. George F. G. Stanley, professor of history at the University of British Columbia, has been awarded a Guggenheim scholarship to do research work in this matter. To quote one remark of Dr. Stanley: "The tragedy, under the present Indian Act," he says, "is that once an Indian becomes enfranchised and gains the right to vote, he cannot go back to the reserve and help his people. Yet the enfranchised Indian is often the most capable of giving leadership As for the government it has undoubtedly suffered in the past from lack of funds, (due to public apathy), and from lack of trained personnel conversant with Indian life."

The fundamental factors in Indian rehabilitation are **Economics, Health, and Education.** We have witnessed a great improvement in educational facilities in recent years, and a genuine advancement in medical care. The economic problem is still a stumbling block to the most expert. The Indian reserves or villages are still very primitive and present a sad contrast with the neighboring white communities.

We think the Indian would be well advised to begin some improvement on his own accord. Take the example given by Chief Sam Mitchell, of Fountain, B.C., and the success of the Nootka Native Co-op. Sam Mitchell puts it this way:

"We are trying to find a new way to earn our living. Years ago, in Indian days, there was plenty of salmon at Lilloet on the Fraser. Now the fish don't get that far — they are caught lower down. Dried fish used to be our main food for the winter. Now none of us can catch enough for that. Our forest is being cut down, the reservations leased to big timber companies. Great stretches of land where my people used to hunt are now as bare as the palm of my hand."

In spite of these handicaps — or perhaps because of them — Chief Sam Mitchell and his band of 250 people on the remote mountain reserve of Fountain, are fighting to preserve their community. They have only a narrow street of ancient log houses, dominated by a colorful church spire. They lack water and a school, but they are doing something about it!

Since an Indian is considered a minor, he is not allowed to make business contracts or borrow money. But Sam Mitchell and his sons and relatives, some of them young war veterans, saved the money to buy a small logging and sawmill outfit. They began sawing ties for the Pacific Great Eastern railway, but their aim is to get a planer mill and make lumber for rebuilding the village. First building they will tackle will be a home for their latest venture, a co-operative store.

The development of Nootka, on the west coast of Vancouver island, is another success story of the Indians. Starting without capital, the Nootka Natives Co-op association literally built up the community with its bare hands. As one of its leaders, Maurus McLean, puts it: "There were no houses or boats during these years, when the co-operative started in 1943. In 1944 a house was built. We made up our minds that we would build an Indian reserve to better the conditions for the children of the next generation. In the last three years I think we have really got what we never saw before."

What the co-op brought to Nootka, a community of 70 people living in old cannery shacks, was the building of 15 houses and the purchase of 11 boats. To the natives participating, "It shows we can do what we set out to do."

It is from developments like these that economic emancipation of the Indian is beginning to take shape. Granted a determination on the part of the Indians to help themselves, matched by equal determination on the part of the government to give them a start, financially, there seems to be a real chance of ending the nomadic, hand-to-mouth existence of many Canadian Indians and of giving their life purpose and dignity.

UNDEVELOPED INDIAN RESERVES

This Arable Land Should Be Cultivated

BY OCHANKUGAHE (DAN KENNEDY)

Some time ago one of our Pale Face brothers, who is a successful business man from one of the nearby towns, declared that the Indian had not made any material progress worth talking of since the inception of the reserve system.

"What is the matter with you people anyway?" he asked. "We have spent millions of dollars every year and employ 1,000 civil servants to educate, to rehabilitate and to fit you into the life stream of the Canadian way of life, but we have made no headway with you people, and at this rate we will be no further ahead in a hundred years hence," he said.

* * *

Being a taxpayer, he naturally had every good reason to want to know what was impeding the work of the Indian administration, in the overall scheme of rehabilitating the Indian.

And now that the Canadian citizen is Indian conscious, or shall we say conscious of its duties and obligations to the original owners of the country, and since the world is cognizant of the inescapable truth, that a nation is only as strong as its weakest link — let us review and examine the impartial observations of some of the eminent authorities in this field.

* * *

Speaking before the special joint committee of the senate and the house of commons a year ago, this month, Dr. Frederick F. Tisdall, F.R.C.P., of Toronto, whose investigation among the bush Indians was sponsored by the Canadian Life Insurance Officers association, had this to say:

"We studied the Indians in that district and the majority of the Indians we saw, according to our present day medical standards, were sick. They were not sick according to lay opinion, but when we examined them carefully from the medical standpoint, they had so many obvious evidences of malnutrition that if you or I were in the same condition we would immediately demand hospitalization. We found in that particular band the T.B. rate was just 50 times the tuberculosis death rate among the white population of Manitoba. This raises a problem far beyond the Indians because there is a focus of infection which is of concern to you and me. We can never prevent tuberculosis among the white population of Canada when we have a focus of 50 times among the Indians."

Incidentally, the population of the bush Indians is approximately 65,000, or about one-half of the Indian population of Canada.

* * *

Now let us quote another eminent authority who submitted his report to the joint committee last March, Mr. Diamond Jeness, M. S. Litt, D. F.R.S.C., etc., Dominion anthropologist, Ottawa. Unfortunately space will not permit to give the entire contents of his report but only a few excerpts from this highly interesting observation:

"The more primitive and remote the Indian, the more energetic he is and the more self-reliant. He has dignity and character; he stands on his own two feet and is the master of his own fate.

"Unhappily nearly all our Indians today — not only the northern ones but those in the south, too, who live on reserves, whether here in the east or on the prairies, or in British Columbia, have lost their dignity, their self-reliance and self-respect. When you visit them in their homes you can hardly believe that they are the same Indians we read of in our history, Indians who delighted to go on the warpath and to run down buffalo.

"You will ask why they have lost their self-respect, why they have lost their independence. I believe you can see the answer today in Central Europe. There, as you know, scores of thousands of individuals who were uprooted from their homes by the Nazis — concentration camp victims, slave laborers and others — have been segregated from the German and Austrian populations around them and placed in special camps, displaced persons camps, where they receive not only food and clothing but special medical care and educational facilities. At first the Allies thought that the rehabilitation of these people was a purely economic problem; that given opportunities for employment they would gradually leave the camps and carve out careers for themselves. Very soon, however, it appeared

that it was just as much a psychological problem as an economic one."

With all this mass of evidence submitted to the joint committee have we not gotten something, the potentials of the natural resources of the Indian reserves?

* * *

Why are these large areas of arable land on the reserves allowed to remain undeveloped? Would not a development project of this nature assure economic security to the members of the reserve?

Take for instance our "reserve". We have 63 sections half of which is good arable land.

As an illustration, let us take 20 sections for a development project, leaving 43 sections for individual enterprise. This represents 800 acres of virgin soil, and such should yield 20 to 30 bushels of wheat or 15 to 18 bushels of flax from 9,000 to 10,000 acres each year.

This should give the members of the Assiniboine reserve a gross revenue of from a quarter of a million to half a million dollars per annum. A long term loan extending of 20 years of from \$100,000 to \$150,000, with which to equip the project with modern machinery should do the trick.

(Regina Leader Post, Dec. 2, 1948)

* The Carry-the-Kettle Reserve, Sinituluta, Sask. (Qu'Appelle Indian Agency).

SELF-HELP FOR THE INDIAN

(Editorial in the Regina Leader-Post, Dec. 7, 1948)

The proposal advanced in these columns recently by Indian counsellor Dan Kennedy, for the development of hitherto untouched arable land in the prairie Indian reserves, is worthy of the most serious consideration of all those interested in the welfare of the original owners of this country.

Mr. Kennedy, a counsellor of the tribe living on the Assiniboine reserve south of Indian Head, rather sadly quotes Mr. Diamond Jeness, Dominion anthropologist, as saying that nearly all Indians living on reserves today have lost their dignity, their self-reliance and self-respect. Mr. Jeness believes the reason for this is psychological rather than economic, and that even as displaced persons in Europe lost their initiative in camps where everything was supplied for them, so the Indians lost their independence — presumably as a result of the Dominion governments heavy-handed paternalistic attitude towards them.

Mr. Kennedy, however, is one Indian who has not lost his independence and initiative. He has suggested that the Indians on reserves should be allowed to develop the large sections of virgin, arable land still to be found in every prairie reserve. Such development, he believes, would assure economic security to the members of the reserve, and as they would be working for themselves, would be dependent on no man's charity, and so would regain their self-reliance and pride.

Mr. Kennedy backs his claims with figures. On his

own reserve he estimates sections could be used for development project, leaving the rest of the reserve — some 43 sections, though all are suitable for farming — for individual enterprise. From 20 sections, members might gross from \$250,000 to \$500,000 yearly. And the plan could be effected with a loan of \$100,000 or \$150,000 to buy necessary equipment and machinery.

This project sounds feasible but it should be noted that plan might have more effect on some others since a number of reserves have co-operative farms on them, and sections others are leased for farming purposes. The advantages the plan are obvious. Through their own efforts the Indians would regain self-reliance and would become economically independent of the Dominion government. A great acreage of arable land would be put into production in western Canada and more grain would be produced for a hungry world. Mr. Kennedy's plan should certainly be carefully examined by the department of Indian affairs.

Edwin Laughing Fox, Sioux Indian in Washington, doing what he can to help government understand the people, told us that his people have a prayer which he commends to everyone:

"Oh, Great Spirit help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

(Walter Davenport in Collier's)

TEEPEE ERECTED IN REGINA



PERMANENT EXHIBIT IN MUSEUM

REGINA, Sask., — Fred Bard, museum director, and his staff prepared their newest exhibit under the critical gaze of Strongeagle, Abel Watetch and Dan Kennedy, three Saskatchewan Indians.

The three aided the project by contributing objects used in the display and by giving advice on matters of authenticity. They evidently enjoyed the role of technical consultants and found much amusement in watching their white friends do all the hard manual labor involved.

The exhibit is a life-size representation of the visit of a trader to an Indian encampment and may be seen in the south end of the museum.

The display uses a real teepee, a trader's cart, a camp-fire, four life-sized mannequins, and various trader's articles given in exchange for furs.

The figures are the work of the museum staff and Miss Ella Kaiser who contributed valuable voluntary help. Bodies of the mannequins have a wooden frame and consist chiefly of excelsior. The life-like faces and hands are made of plastico moulage.

The attitudes of the four persons in the tableau give evidence of considerable thought and imagination on the part of their preparators. The trader himself is shown advancing with hand extended to meet the brave who is coming forward to welcome him. The Indian's son squats by the fire, his interest divided between the new arrival and the excitement of the recent hunt in which he has taken the animal he holds in his hand. The Indian squaw sits by the cooking food in impassive indifference, her only concern the domestic cares of her position.

Evidence of the authenticity of the display is to be found in the story of the teepees used in its preparation. The first of these was so new as to be out of harmony with the rest of the scene. It was replaced by a more weatherbeaten tent, once the property of Strongeagle's father.

Authentic Totem

The totem which decorates it is simple and authentic, and gives no evidence of the difficulty experienced by the personnel of the museum in getting an "insignia" to suit them. To begin with, they tried to commission an Indian artist to paint a totem to order. But since such a "family crest" required the approval of the tribal medicine-man they found potential red-skinned Raphaels reluctant to help them.

When they finally did press an Indian painter into service he proceeded to depict a family history which showed, among other things, the feats of an ancestral horse-thief who flourished in the far-off days when horse-stealing was regarded as evidence of tribal prowess and not as an anti-social crime. The pictorial saga concluded with a graphic presentation of the entry of one family member into the First World War and his son into the Second World War. After thinking the matter over, museum staff-members rejected such colorful artistry for the simple totem now used.

Theme of the Indian exhibit is the effect of the exchange of the primitive artifacts of the Indians for the more efficient tools and weapons of the white man. The lesson taught is that of the need for conservation of nature life, since the introduction of the utensils and firearms of the trader did much to deplete the wild-life resources of the Canadian West.

BLACKFOOT HEAD CHIEF DIES

(Continued from Page 1)

the great chief and attempted to pattern his life after that of Crowfoot.

He was in his 64th year when he was elected chief of the Blackfoot tribe in 1922 and right until the time of his death he took an active part in the councils of the tribe, one of the wealthiest Indian bands on the North American continent.

His father, Chief Running Rabbit, was a member of the council of minor chiefs whose signature was affixed to the first treaty. A noted warrior, Running Rabbit instilled his son in the ways of war and peace and Duck Chief carried to his death the scars of the Sun Dance, the ritual through which young Indians in the early days emerged from boyhood to become a "brave."

Even in his later years, Duck Chief could remember the buffalo hunts and the wars between the various tribes of Plains Indians. As a great warrior his father counted many "coups," but following the treaty of 1877 the tribal wars came to an end before Duck Chief was old enough to take part in them.

Duck Chief remembered Father Lacombe, O.M.I., who was the guest of his father Chief Running Rabbit. He was then 13. This was in 1877, at the time of the Treaty in which Father Lacombe played such an important role.

In the Riel rebellion of 1885 Duck Chief was a young brave in the prime of life and he was ready to go on the war path or follow the path of peace in line with the decision made by Crowfoot and members of the council when the agitation was at its height.

Although representatives of the warring Metis endeavored to persuade the Blackfoot to join in the rebellion against the whites, wiser counsel prevailed and the Blackfoot remained neutral during the war.

Crowfoot experienced great difficulty at one stage of the proceedings because a number of his young men were spoiling for a fight, but he managed to persuade them to stay out of the fight, and members of the tribe have been grateful for this decision since that time.

As a young man Duck Chief saw the buffalo roam the prairies and then disappear and although the Blackfoot experienced hard times for a short period, the land granted them as a reservation proved fertile and they soon made a name for themselves as farmers and stockmen.

Running Rabbit, Duck Chief's father, was one of the three original chiefs of the Blackfoot; the others were Crowfoot and Old Sun. On the old chief's death, he was succeeded by Iron Shield, not by his son, Duck Chief.

The Running Rabbit family resented this usurpation, and would never relinquish to Iron Shield

the silver mace given to Chief Running Rabbit by the first lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories.

Finally, when Duck Chief was the choice over High Eagle in 1922 to fill the vacancy created by Iron Shield's death, the mace which Duck Chief hereafter carried on all occasions, was brought out from hiding.

The chief was never a wealthy man. He owned an excellent herd of horses, but never owned many cattle nor even acquired a large farm. Until his last illness, he rode his favorite horse daily.

"Duck Chief was a kindly man, and a careful, if not brilliant chief," according to Mr. Gooderham who knew the Indian well during service as superintendent of the Blackfoot Reserve. "He retained all the ancient traditions of his race but lived in an up-to-date home."

He is survived by his widow and one son, Rosary, both living at Cluny, also three grandsons, Gabriel, Charles and Gerard, and four granddaughters, Ann Victoria, June, Marie and Adele.

(Calgary Herald)

TRIBUTE TO MISSIONARY

DALLAS, Man., — In the last week of September a large fire on our Reserve endangered the lives of many. On the 27th a first group of Indians from the Peguis reserve volunteered to fight the fires North of Dallas in the area called the Dabrowski project.

As the fire swept northward it seemed a losing battle. Then a new fire broke out in the southeast sector, destroying bush and hay lands on the Peguis reserve. Two barns were burnt down, one at Joe Keepers, the other at Ridley's. Then rumors spread that a woman with her two children were burned to death at Len Erkelen's farms, but this proved to be false.

By the first of October the whole reserve was covered with dense smoke, and families living in the area had to be evacuated. Father Paul Dumouchel, O.M.I., got busy with his car and spent the whole day transporting families to safety on the Fisher River reserve, to the Agency and to the Hospital and to private homes. Father Dumouchel got up very early that morning and stayed at his work until long past midnight. When all danger was past, Father Dumouchel returned every one home with his car.

Mr. Ed. Schreyer of Hodgson, and several others from the Peguis reserve join with me in extending their appreciation and thanks to Father Dumouchel for his very kind help during the fires.

(Signed) Albert E. Thompson, Dallas, Man.

ST. PHILIP'S, SASK.

The sum of \$270.40 was raised by the Kijikons Sports Committee. On Nov. 22 a picture show and box social netted \$149.45.

Chief Louis Quewezance attended a meeting in Regina, Nov. 22-27.

Father G. Laviolette preached the retreat to the school children and Father Dumouchel preached the mission in Saulteaux to the Indians in October.

Illness: Albert Cote is at Fort-Qu'Appelle Hospital since November; he is improving. Henry John Kitcimonis is at St. Boniface Hospital, for goiter treatment. Madeline Masqua was victim of a highway accident; she is at Kamsack Hospital with a fractured hip. Mrs. M. Coldwell had a close call when a car struck her buggy. She spent three weeks in hospital with a fractured kneecap. Herman Severight is slowly recovering in Kamsack hospital from a long illness.

Hockey: St. Philip's is organizing an all-star team; good luck to them!

GOOD CROPS

The Indians of Cote and Kijikons reserves are grateful to God for the good crops and the perfect harvest weather. New homes are built, a few tractors are purchased, several cars and a two-ton truck were purchased by the prosperous farmers.

"A SURPRISE FOR MOTHER'S DAY"



Play presented by the senior pupils of Kuper Island Indian Residential school, in June 1948. Actors were: Philip Paul, Georgina Harry, Lillian Antoine, Willis Antoine, Roy Edwards, Doreen Black and Muriel James.

LEBRET SCHOOL

The Senior girls have their own skating rink this year since Nov. 28. They wish to thank Fr. Principal for this added enjoyment, and also the Senior boys for readying the rink.

On Oct. 25 we had the visit of H. E. Msgr. M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., also that of Fr. O. Robidoux, of Lestock, Sask.

Our hockey club sports a new sweater: red white and blue, also the men have new skates.

Our pet "Bambi" is getting pretty rough with his long antlers; so he is confined now to his winter quarters in the horse stable.

"Rainbow on the River", starring Bobby Breen, was a movie which we all enjoyed very much. Father P. Dumouchel preached the pupils' retreat this fall. Every one enjoyed Father's sermons; the staff followed the exercises also.

We have a new kitchen range with a stoker: the food tastes better now . . . yum! yum!

Father A. Joyal, of Gravelbourg, gave us a movie on St. Francis of Assisi, Nov. 17.

Adam Goodpipe won the Family Rosary Crusade contest for Grade 8, taking first place in all schools in Saskatchewan; his essay was written on the topic: What the Rosary means to me. Congratulations to Adam.

FILE HILLS COLONY

Born: Richard Alvin, son of Alex McKay and Elizabeth Desnomie, Nov. 1.

Fowl supper: The annual event took place October 24; it was followed by a show: "Smoky".

PASQUA

We had our fowl supper Nov. 3, and a picture show in Tony Cyr's home. Proceeds of \$49.50 were for the mission.

STANDING-BUFFALO

Nov. 11th marked Remembrance day. Visitors from Pipestone and Griswold, Man., spent a week here; they were Geo. High Eagle, Jos. Chaske, Mrs. Percy Tachan, Mrs. Tom Yuhaha, Mrs. Henry Hotain, Mr. and Mrs. G. Akisa.

Jos. Moses Goodwill fractured his leg recently, falling from a horse. Jos. Moses Goodwill, 88, was seriously ill recently, he is now recovering. He is the oldest man on the reserve.

ASSINIBOINE RESERVE

Born: Mary L. Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Spencer and Annette Buffalo, Nov. 21.

Mr. and Mrs. John McArthur visited relatives here recently. A new heater was installed in the church.

A van for school children is now in operation: it fills a great need, as many children had to travel several miles to attend school.

PIAPOT RESERVE

Several hundreds of tons of hay was baled on the Reserve; the Indians borrowed Lebrét School's hay-baler.

A new Booker self-feeder furnace was installed in our church.

On Nov. 18 we had a basket social and a movie, the proceeds were for the mission.

TOUCHWOOD AGENCY

Born: A daughter, Rose-Elaine, to Albert Keyesas, of Fishing Lake.

A daughter, Cecilia, to Percy Severight, Fishing Lake.

A son, Albert Joseph, to Roger Pinacie, Muscowequan.

A son, Joseph Isidore, to John O'Choo, Muscowequan.

Died: Mrs. Corbett Laplante, nee Sarah Favel, Nov. 5, at Poorman's.

Louis Akan, Nov. 23, of a heart attack, on Muscowequan Res.

At boarding school: Elizabeth J. Muskego of Kinistino, and Elsie Matchisilik, of Nut Lake, are now attending Lestock Boarding school.

CORRECTION ON MEETING REPORT

In our news report from the Touchwood Agency, in November, we had published that a meeting had been held under the auspices of Mr. H. Castleden, M.P., on the Day-Star reserve. In a letter sent to the editor Mr. Castleden states that he did not call the meeting, but that "he was urgently invited to attend in order that the Indians might get a report from a member of the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs, and that they might ask me some questions."

Mr. Castleden was present at the meeting as a guest on October 23rd. Our apologies to Mr. Castleden.

MOCCASIN TELEGRAM

ST. PAUL, Alta., — The "Moccasin Telegram", local bulletin of the Blue Quills Indian Residential School is again published. Vol. 6, number 1 appeared in November 1948; it is dedicated to the new Bishop of St. Paul, H. E. Msgr. M. Baudoux. A highly interesting bulletin which can serve as a model to other schools, the Telegram is well illustrated. It was founded by Sister Costello in 1937.

Muskrat Trapping

Muskrat trapping in Saskatchewan is discontinued Dec. 10 and no further trapping permits will be issued until spring.

Trapping was being curtailed because many rats now suitably housed until spring might die from exposure if their homes and banks runs were disturbed.

Permits will be issued next spring under the south Saskatchewan conservation program, but only in areas where there are enough muskrats to be trapped.

The Life of Bishop V. Grandin, O.M.I., a translation of Father L. Herman's work made by Fr. G. Forbes, O.M.I., has just been published.

FAIR MAIDENS AT TEKAKWITHA ORPHANAGE



Left to right: Doris May LaBelle, Marlis Cloud, Joyce DesMarais, Edwina Heminger, Norma HisGun, Geraldine St. John, Philista St. John and Shirley HisGun. These young ladies took part in a beautiful pageant held at the Tekakwitha Sioux Orphanage, at Sisseton, South Dakota.

FIRST ESKIMO NUN



Sister Ignatius of Loyola, S.G.M., Superior at Chesterfield Inlet, is shown here with Sister Pelagie Inuk, new postulant in the congregation of the Grey Nuns. Sister St. Ignatius has been in the mission field for seventeen years. Pelagie is the first Eskimo postulant in the congregation and probably the first person of her race to enter into religious life.

The taking of the habit by Pelagie was on August 4th, the ceremony was presided over by the Very Rev. Fr. L. Deschatelets, Superior General of the Oblate Fathers. Then Pelagie, who is 17, exchanged her native name of "Pubvalerak" for the one of Sister Pelagie Inuk (Eskimo).

VISITS ST. NORBERT



Rev. Mother Elisabeth Kristoff, S.G.M., missionary in the Mackenzie, visited in St. Boniface and St. Norbert, recently. Mother Kristoff is now in Saskatchewan, visiting relatives, and she will return soon to her mission at Fort Smith, N.W.T.

STARTLING, BUT TRUE!

DREAMS OF TEKAKWITHA

Poznan (Poland),
June 24, 1948.

Some days ago a Polish author requested information about Tekakwitha, and he narrated what follows:

"I had never heard the name nor the story of Tekakwitha. Now, one evening in January of February, 1941, I, my wife, brother-in-law, and an elderly man of 75 years, were sitting on our bundles awaiting the Gestapo which was coming to exile us. We were all dressed, as the emissaries of Hitler could come to seize us at any moment. I was the only one to fall asleep, and I slept 'jak zabity' (as if dead) until seven the next morning. The Angel of sleep transported my soul to Canada, to the environment of Caughnawaga, Montreal, on the banks of the Saint Lawrence River and Gulf. A grand drama unfolded itself before my astonished eyes: the life and customs of the Iroquois and Algonquins, and the introduction among them of the Christian faith mostly for the rest of the time. It was during this drama that I heard for the first time in my life this name, some calling it Tekakwitha, the others 'Takadia.'

"Finally, in a voice very sweet and agreeable, she spoke in terms somewhat like these:

'I am Tekakwitha, called also Takadia. God has granted me heavenly beatitude; at the foot of His throne. I intercede for my fellow Indians and also for those who need the grace of God. Make me known in your country, Poland; that I dwell at the foot of the Throne of God, and that with your Patrons I intercede for you. Keep me in your memory and Our Savior Jesus and His Immaculate Mother in your hearts. God will console and relieve your country, but do not forsake Him, so that you may escape ruin. . . .'

He awoke very much consoled and assured of divine protection. In point of fact the family was not exiled. He wanted to know who could say truly that there was a holy Tekakwitha. No one could inform him. Some one advised him to write to the Bollandist Fathers in Brussels; but to write to Brussels in 1941! Impossible! Then he commenced to invoke his new patron, asking her to prompt him what to do to obtain information about her. Almost

The Sacrifice of Malobiannah

Father John H. Somers

The heroic tales of ancient Greece contain nothing more sublime than the simple, unknown sacrifice of Malobiannah, a young Indian girl of New Brunswick.

Several centuries ago 200 Mohawks from Upper Canada swept down on the Malecites who inhabited the beautiful John River Valley. They wiped out one branch of the tribe—the Madawaskaks—then set out to massacre the rest of the tribe. Malobiannah, a young Indian girl from the Madawaskak region whose lover had just been killed, was forced to guide them through the unfamiliar territory.

After having attached the canoes together, the tired Mohawks ordered her to navigate them while they slept. Malobiannah decided to sacrifice her life to avenge the death of both her lover and her tribe, and for the salvation of the Malecites.

Deftly, she directed the canoes toward the Grand Falls. At a certain distance from the abyss a few Indian warriors awoke and enquired of their guide the nature of the strange noise that met their ears. "It is the Walloowtook tributary," calmly answered the intrepid maiden. Satisfied with the explanation, the warriors went back to sleep. It was not until they were only a few hundred feet from the great falls that they realized the danger they were in. But it was too late. They plunged into the cataract, while the heroic Malobiannah shouted the names of her lover and her avenged nation.

hardly have established the bridgehead on the American continent.

The subsequent relations between the whites and Indians reflect, on the whole, little credit on the strong group. In the colonial days the Indians were hustled and rolled back before advancing settlement. This process came more formalized in 1778 by a system of treaties, reservations and other arrangements. In 1887 a policy of Americanizing the Indians was adopted involving a breakup of the reservation system and eventual adoption of individual land holdings. This again was changed in 1934 when an attempt to organize tribal life was incorporated in an Act of Congress.

In spite of millions of dollars spent by the U.S. Federal Government, the situation of the Indian minority is still far from satisfactory. Competent observers, however, do not despair. Indian cultural traditions have existed for a long time and an immediate adaptation to a swiftly changing culture is exceedingly difficult. In the meantime, Indians have left their mark on American culture. Twelve states have Indian names. Dozens of Indian terms have passed into the language. Indian arts and crafts are already part of American artistic achievement. When the full tale is told, the distinctive contribution of Indians will be appreciated.

School children play hard and use up a great deal of energy. They need a good, hearty meal at lunch time to keep them healthy. The noon-day meal should be planned as an important part of the day's eating schedule. Every child needs a good, noonday lunch.

The Natives' Contribution to the United States

The oldest ethnic element in the American population is the native Indians who were there thousands of years before white men discovered the continent. At present they constitute less than half a million people and only one quarter of one per cent of the population. In the beginning they played an essential part in white settlement. Without acquiring the red man's knowledge of native plants such as corn, and his ways of adaptation to the American Wilderness, the white men could

AN ALASKAN CHRISTMAS



Even Santa Claus doesn't live as close to the North Pole as these Eskimo boys from Hooper Bay, Alaska. The boys are holding presents of dolls sent from children in the United States last Christmas. The boys hold them, because the girls won't see them before Christmas Day. (NC Photos.)

ST. PAUL

A picture story taken from

heroes All-
CATHOLIC ACTION ILLUSTRATED

National Catholic Comic Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE ADVENTURES OF ST. PAUL

STORY ADAPTATION BY
CORINNE ST. HILAIRE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
VEE QUINTAL

ON TARSUS, ASIA MINOR, SHORTLY AFTER THE DEATH OF OUR LORD, THERE LIVED A MAN CALLED SAUL. PROUD OF BEING A ROMAN CITIZEN, SAUL WAS ALSO PROUD OF BEING A JEW OF THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN. HE THEREFORE HATED ALL JEWS TURNED CHRISTIAN, AND VOWED TO KILL ALL HE COULD FIND.

HERE SAUL--
HOLD THIS.

GLADLY! THOUGH I'D AS
SOON THROW A STONE
AT STEPHEN MYSELF.



FIERED BY THE DEATH OF ST. STEPHEN, SAUL
BEGAN TO HUNT CHRISTIANS HOUSE TO HOUSE.

TELL ME, FRIEND, WHO DO YOU
THINK WAS JESUS OF NAZARETH?

THE SON OF GOD,
OF COURSE!

A CHRISTIAN!
TAKE HIM ALONG!



SAUL CONTINUED TO TORTURE AND MURDER
THE FOLLOWERS OF OUR LORD UNTIL ONLY
A FEW REMAINED IN JERUSALEM. BUT
NOT ALL DIED. THEY HAD ONLY GONE TO
OTHER CITIES TO HIDE AND TO SPREAD THE
FAITH THEY TOOK WITH THEM.

THEN SAUL WENT TO THE HIGH PRIEST...



WILL YOU GIVE ME A
LETTER TO THE
PRIEST IN DAMASCUS
I WANT TO GO THERE
TO HUNT CHRISTIANS.

YES, IF YOU WILL BRING
THEM BACK TO
JERUSALEM FOR US
TO DEAL WITH THEM.

To be continued next month

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. Father L. Balter, O.M.I.

Before we left for the summer holidays last June, we went to say goodbye to our dear old Father Balter, but we never thought that it was for the last time. He told us to be good girls, to pray for him and that he would do the same for us. We always took his advice because he was a holy man.

At the end of August, just before we came back, we heard of his death. It certainly was a big shock for all Indians, parents and children. We, who had seen him only a few months before, could hardly believe it. In him, we had lost a great friend and a kind Father.

He was really devoted to the Indians as he was among them ever since he came to Canada. He was born in Belgium and came to our country after his Holy Priesthood in 1899. He spent his first twelve years with the Cree Indians in Saddle Lake. In 1911 he went to Lac La Biche where he spent one year, then he came back to Saddle Lake until 1919. In that year, he came to our reserve, Le Goff and Cold Lake. Here, he stayed eight years among the Chipewyans. He then went to Onion Lake for two years, after that he went to Cold Lake where he stayed until December 14, 1936, when he came here to Blue Quills. This time he was principal until 1942. In that year he became assistant. He lived here piously and quietly. He always had a kind word for us, whenever we met him. He could speak five languages: French, English, German, Cree and Chipewyan. He was very smart but he was humble. The Chipewyan Indians seem to miss him more than anyone else, because he was the only priest who knew their language.

The chief and the ex-chief came to Father Balter's funeral in St. Paul. We had a Requiem Mass said for him at Le Goff after his funeral.

Although we do not see him anymore, we do not forget him. We often think and talk of him. We sometimes pray for him. We feel sure that he does not forget us either and that now that he is with God he will continue to help us in our needs.

We hope that he will assist especially Cherrelaine Martin, a grade V pupil, who took his place in teaching the prayers to the Chipewyan children.

Rosie Skanie,
Blue Quills School (Moccasin Telegram)
St. Paul, Alberta.

ANT. LANTHIER and SON

BUYERS OF RAW FURS
FUR GOODS MADE TO ORDER

254 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Ask for Our Prices

FORT ALEXANDER

First served

The old H.B.C. store, now operated by A. Adam, was the first to be connected with the Hydro line in Fort Alexander. It was befitting that this Bay post, which served the Indians during 149 years, should have first the honours of electric light and power on Nov. 12th.

The Residential and Day schools hope to have the wiring completed in the near future. The Anglican mission has made arrangements for an early connection. A few Indians have asked the services of an electrician, but the majority shall have to wait till some agreements are made with the Winnipeg Electric Co. All the Indians from the Treaty ground down to the lake wish to obtain the electric service.

Sympathy

Our sympathy is extended to Melanie Courchene, a former member of the band, whose daughter, Rebecca Lacaille, was accidentally killed while crossing the highway after alighting from the Pine Falls bus. The young girl died on the way to Pine Falls hospital. A collection was taken for high masses to be sung at her intention.

What about Jack Pine?

The Manitoba Paper Co. is experimenting with this tree for pulp, but the Indians are sorry that a number of unsound pieces have to be discarded. The company is very strict on the size and quality of wood this winter, for it has a large stock ahead.

Testing the Rock

Engineers have been busy boring and testing the solidity of rocks at the Pine Falls where a hydro plant is to be built next spring to meet with the increasing demand in Manitoba for electricity.

priest. During ten years she had received communion on the first Friday in preparation to her death. Her task was to pray for the conversion of the unfaithful. She leaves the example of a true Christian.

BEAVER RESERVES

Conservation is old stuff to the Red Indian. Long before the white man came he learned that you can't eat this year what you killed off last year.

The Quebec and Dominion Governments are going back to the Indians' way of conservation in some areas, and making it work. One of these areas is the Abitibi Beaver Preserve, 6,000 square miles of wilderness north of the 49th parallel along the Ontario-Quebec border. No white trappers are allowed. Each Indian family has its traditional trapping area and can take a quota of about one beaver per lodge per year — the rest are left to breed. Indian "tallymen" map the family zones and take the beaver census (they count lodges and multiply by five).

In three years the beaver on the preserve have doubled, now stand at about 10,000. Last winter the 74 male adults on the preserve caught beaver worth \$89,901, an average of \$1,150 per trapper.

James N. (Scotty) Stevenson, formerly of the RCAF, supervises the preserve for the federal Department of Mines and Resources. He flies in the supplies, flies out pelts and pays off the trappers at market prices after the Quebec Government has sold the furs. To the trappers along the Harricanaw River, which winds through the preserve to James Bay, each pelt last year was worth about \$44.

PASTEURIZED MILK

Unless milk is pasteurized we cannot tell if it is safe to drink. Unpasteurized milk may carry germs causing intestinal illness, tuberculosis or undulant fever. Insist on pasteurized milk — the only safe milk. If necessary, raw milk may be pasteurized at home by a safe, simple process.

A FINE SAMPLE OF WAR-BONNETS



After this it's "Big Chief Joe Stalin" to the Indian tribes of the United States, Canada, Mexico and Central America. Shown here is Chief Fallen-Trees (Paul Horn), presenting the war-bonnet to Edward C. Carter, former president of Russian war relief, back in 1941.

Your editor doubts very much, however, if Chief Stalin has ever repaid the honour conferred on him by the North American Indians. Anyway the picture is so good that we thought it worthwhile publishing as an example of feathery art. (INS photo reproduced with permission)

Introducing Serena Ward's "The Spring of Tegakouita"

The Lily of the Mohawks



Throughout Serena Ward's text the Indian word squaw is used instead of the English word "woman" or "maiden". We wish to assure our readers that there is no disparaging connotation to that Indian word which comes from the Cree: *Iskwew*, meaning woman.

The external life of a saint is like a shell. The beautiful fruit is within and will be fully seen and enjoyed only in heaven. There always has been and always will be saints in all walks of life, and their ways, traits and characteristics will be as diversified as those of other people, but the core, while still individual and unique, will always be essentially the same, for all holy souls are motivated by the love of God and a heroic will to follow Christ. Most biographies are mere shells, too, because human minds and words are all too poor and inadequate to fathom and describe the inner working of God's grace in the soul of a fellow human. Many dislike the "shell" of a saint's life and discard shell and fruit together, unmindful of the fact that this particular shell was chosen by the inscrutable wisdom of God Himself.

In every century God chooses His own, in the cloister and in the world, in the ranks of the learned and the unlettered, in palaces and wigwams, among the married and the unmarried. There are three saints, Elizabeth of Thuringia, Therese of Lisieux, and Kateri Tekakwitha, all of whom died at the age of twenty-four. One lived in the 13th, one in the 17th, and one in the 19th century. One was a reigning princess, wife and mother, the other a cloistered nun of the Carmel, and the third a full blooded Indian girl of the Algonquin and Mohawk tribes who was not baptized (by a French Jesuit missionary) until she was twenty years old. There was tragedy and sorrow in the life of all three, but the hand of God led them wisely and kindly step by step until they reached the heights of sainthood in the full flower of youth.

Many regular biographies have been written of all three, the German landgravine, the French Sister, the Indian

maiden. Of late it has become the fashion to fictionalize the lives of saints and other prominent men and women. That may not appeal to all, but the majority of readers are attracted by this method and perhaps would never read the otherwise. As long as the essential facts of the hero's or heroine's life are preserved, there cannot be any valid objection. A trained fiction writer is apt to bring out the secret springs of their lives more clearly and more interestingly than a regular biographer.

Since the beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha (spelled "Tegakouita" by the French missionaries who knew her and usually interpreted to mean "one who advances hesitatingly" or "one who puts things in order") is expected within short time, we start in this issue the fictionalized story of her life, which began in the year 1656, at Auriesville, on the banks of the Mohawk, in the state of New York, and ended at Caughnawaga on the shores of the great St. Lawrence below Montreal, Canada, in the year 1680. The author, Serena Ward, has several times visited both places and studied her heroine's life from authentic sources. She has for twenty years contributed serials, short stories and articles to many Catholic magazines and seems well qualified to write this tale of beauty and sordidness, of soldiers and Blackrobes of pagan and Christian Indians, and above all of the "holy savage," Tegakouita, who is to be the real first canonized saint of North America, and who through her most virtuous life and the numerous miracles she has obtained for her clients, will continue to be an inspiration to millions. The spring of Tegakouita, the little well in the forest of Auriesville and the spiritual well of her life will never run dry. The illustrations are by Joseph J. O'Malley, a competent Chicago artist.

Chapter I The Forgotten Sign

TEGAKOUITA bent down over the rippling brook and let her bucket fill slowly with the clear cold water. She always came to this place where the springs that fed the creek bubbled up and the tall pines and the oaks made a shaded grotto and the light did not bother her eyes. She had made a bright new band of colored beads laid flat against a thin width of eelskin yesterday while the other young squaws were bouncing prune stones or making eyes at their braves returned from the hunt. It was a very beautiful band, she thought, and looked well against her braided black hair and above the soft dark eyes that were almost too big for her little face. She had dyed turkey feathers, too, for the squaws and saved the vivid green one for herself, for she was very fond of green. She did not know why.

She bent farther over the stream and waited for the ripples to smooth themselves out so that her face did not look like ten or fifty faces but only one face in the shining water.

"You look very nice, Tegakouita," she laughed softly, and rippled the water again, till her green feather danced and her beaded head grew long, and short, and wide and lean, with lips curled back from her even white teeth in an approving smile.

Then she stood up with a skin bucket in each hand and started back up the shadowy green path weaving among the trees, up the hill to the *Hod-enosuanee*. She did not mind being the maid of all work at their cabin, and her aunts were delighted with the arrangement since it gave them time to primp and play when their work in the field was done. For one thing, the bright sun of the corn fields bothered the little squaw's eyes, and another for some reason, she did not like being ogled by marriageable young bucks, just back from the deer-kill. But she did love the leather fringe and beads and feathers with which she worked and she liked to wear them herself, as did all the other girls of the Indian village. She did not know that the soft tan of the eelskin and the gay bandeau and feather only served to enhance that unrecognized shyness which was her chief charm, adding to it, rather than subtracting. She knew only that they pleased her, and she hurried up the long hill as blithely as though she were not carrying two skins of water.

An Owassa bluebird flitted his wings before her and an Adjidaumou squirrel skittered across her path, but otherwise the forest was so silent that Tegakouita felt as she sometimes did on this walk from stream to water trough on the hilltop. As though some great Presence were attending her. Some great Silence engulfing her until she forgot the bandeau and the feather and the fringe and only stepped very softly, to keep within that Silence.

The Silence seemed to go back to her mother, though she did not remember her mother very



(THE SPRING OF TEGAKOUITA)
By SERENA WARD

well. It had something to do with a deep stillness in the cabin one night, before she had been infected with smallpox herself, but her beautiful mother, with the very sad face, lay dying of it. And often since Tegakouita had tried to remember some strange sign her mother used to make with her baby hand on breast and shoulders. It was a very beautiful sign but very secret, for if her chieftain father was there, it was never done. Or if her aunts or others were in the longhouse. So much she remembered.

Once, after she had recovered from the dreadful disease that had left tiny little pits on her smooth



She gazed through the trees... Yes, that was a Huron, no mistake.

skin, she had asked her aunt about the sign. Her aunt had laughed but told her not to let anyone in the village catch her making that sign. It brought bad luck. It was the sign of a Christian. Her mother had been a Christian before the Iroquois brave had captured her from her tribe, the Algonquins, and brought her to Ossernenon and made her his wife. Tegakouita was his daughter. No, she must not make that sign. That

was what brought the disease that had killed her father and mother.

Just lately, though, Tegakouita had seen the sign again and longed to make it, as did some of her tribe... when no one was looking. Christian — Christian. What was that? And why did Tegakouita always feel an odd little pang sing through her veins when she heard that word — that bad-luck word?

The young squaw heard a snapping of twigs and the sound of moccasins on the winding wooded path. With the smooth swiftness of her tribe she stepped behind a snowberry bush guarded by a huge oak and waited silently. Her eyes were soft and keen in the shaded woods despite the fact that they felt weak in the bright-sun, and like all her clansmen, she knew the trick of focusing them and concentrating all their strength. Through the thick leaves of her hiding place she peered steadily until but a stone's throw away she descried a copper-skinned figure with a cap made of brown bird feathers, so brilliantly colored that at first it seemed only a bird or a furry creature flitting among the trees.

"He is not one of our tribesmen. He wears the sign of the Huron. Now what does it mean? Are we not at peace with them? My uncle seems much worried of late. But there have been no war councils."

Stealthily the figure crept on, keeping in the tree shadows and undergrowth, south of the well-worn path of the creek. Tegakouita caught the flash of his bow and arrow, tipped with flint and winged with feathers, and scarcely dared to breathe. Young as she was, she was adept in the arts and practices of her race and the dangers that threatened her clan from other tribes.

Her uncle, a Mohawk chieftain of the Tortoise clan, was wise and fierce and brave. He had adopted her when her mother died and with her aunts she lived in their lodge, waiting upon him and embroidering his moccasins and winging his arrows and doing most of the work since she was old enough to grind maize in a stone trough and strike fire from a flint, to kindle their smoky fires. She had listened to tales of gore and glory and folk lore, handed down from story-teller to story-teller. They had fascinated and repelled her, and recently she had been reminded of a night which had disturbed her, long ago, and made her say: Christian? Christian — what is that? over and over again.

She gazed sharply through the trees. Yes. That was a Huron. No mistake. And what was his purpose in her land, skulking from tree to tree? Tegakouita remained silent and stone-still, lest a quivering leaf betray her hiding place to the keen-eared Indian messenger — or scout.

"Please — please let us not have war," the little girl whispered to the Great Spirit. And she longed to make the sign. She tried but could not remember.

(To be continued)

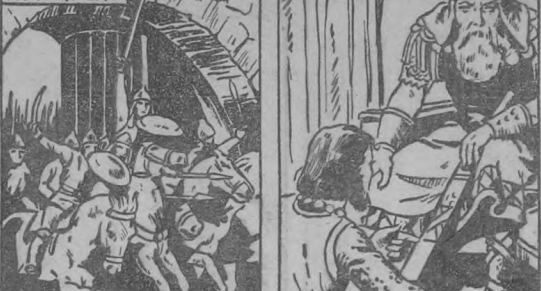
RICHARD

THE LION-HEARTED

RICHARD I OF ENGLAND, COEUR-DE-LION, WAS ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC FIGURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. BORN AT OXFORD IN 1157, HE WAS, BEFORE HIS 16th BIRTHDAY, INDUCTED AS DUKE OF AQUITAINE.



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HIS MOTHER, ELEANORE OF AQUITAINE, RICHARD JOINED HIS BROTHER HENRY IN A REVOLT AGAINST THEIR FATHER, HENRY II.



THE REVOLT FAILING, RICHARD HAD TO SUE FOR FORGIVENESS AT HIS FATHER'S FEET.

RICHARD WAS TURBULENT, BUT HE DID TRY TO PROTECT PILGRIMS ENROUTE TO ST. JAMES' SHRINE AT COMPOSTELLA. SUCH WAS HIS CHIVALROUS BRAVERY THAT HE WAS CALLED COEUR-DE-LION, THE LION-HEART.



IN 1183 RICHARD'S OLDER BROTHER DIED. THAT MADE HIM HEIR TO THE ENGLISH THRONE. HE WAS CROWNED IN THE FAMOUS WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SEPT. 3, 1183.



IN 1189, RICHARD SET OUT ON A CRUSADE. HE WAS DETERMINED TO RECOVER THE HOLY PLACES.



RICHARD SHOWED THE COURAGE OF A LION IN MANY BATTLES WITH THE SARACENS. HE PERFORMED ALMOST INCREDIBLE FEATS OF VALOR.



THE CRUSADE FAILING, RICHARD PREPARED TO RETURN TO ENGLAND.



IN PRISON, RICHARD SANG A TROUBADOUR'S SONG. HIS MINSTREL, HEARING THE SONG BOTH KNEW, WAS ABLE TO TELL WHERE RICHARD WAS HELD CAPTIVE.



RELEASED IN 1194, RICHARD HURRIED TO ENGLAND.



LION-HEART WAS, DESPITE HIS FAULTS, A GREAT AND GOOD MAN. HE HEARD MASS DAILY; DID PENANCE. HE RECEIVED THE LAST SACRAMENTS AND DIED SINCERELY PENITENT.

ASSISTING AT HOLY MASS

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the greatest act of worship we can give to God? Why? Because in it, Jesus Christ, the Son of God made Man, offers Himself, a Victim of infinite value, to His Father for us, as He did on Calvary, to enable us to discharge our duties toward God in a worthy manner.

These duties are to adore God, to thank Him for all His benefits, to ask pardon and atone for our sins, and to beg of Him all the graces and helps we need for soul and body.

The people as well as the priest should join with Jesus in this offering of Himself, and so make the Mass **their** sacrifice. In the **Ora te Fratres**, the priest refers to the Mass as "my sacrifice and yours."

When the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered as the Church wishes, everyone present takes an active part in it. We should not merely **hear** Mass, we should **assist** at it.

We assist, or take an active part in the Mass, when we say the same prayers the priest reads from the Mass Book or Missal on the altar.

When Are We Obligated to Assist at Mass?

Every Catholic is obliged under pain of mortal sin to assist at Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation.

Be on Time for Mass

A good Catholic makes a special effort to be on time for Holy Mass. You should be in your place before the celebrant comes to the altar. Those who arrive late for Mass on a Sunday or Holy Day are not without fault.

Assist at Mass Devoutly

To assist at Mass is like being present at Calvary, for the same Jesus Who offered His Body and Blood upon the Cross continues to do so on our altar at Mass. Hence, any levity, talking, gazing idly about is forbidden.

To show our love and respect for Holy Mass we should assist at it devoutly. There are many ways of doing this. But the best way of all is to have a missal and follow the priest as he says the prayers of the Mass.



Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn.

Divine Worship in the Catacombs

The early Christians constructed underground places of worship, called catacombs. There they buried their dead, and here in times of persecution they could celebrate Holy Mass free from heathen molestation. A stairway led below the surface to a depth of from 33 to 50 feet.

Illustrated here is a scene in one of the catacombs during a period of persecution. The priest, who has finished Holy Mass, is entrusting St. Tarsicius with the pyx containing the Sacred Hosts. Tarsicius is instructed to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the prison where Christians are about to become martyrs.

Today when we enjoy freedom of religious worship, we should be eager to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion and so publicly profess our faith in Christ.

Once Upon a Time



ST. COLUMBAN AND THE BEAR

By Dorothy Blount

St. Columban, an Irish Monk who spent the latter half of his life on the Continent of Europe, showed a great love for all God's creatures and is said to have had a wonderful power over wild beasts.

On one of his journeys, he was suddenly beset by a pack of ravenous wolves and his companions expected to see him torn in pieces. But St. Columban only raised his hand to make the Sign of the Cross and, immediately, the wolves became as harmless and as friendly as dogs.

On another occasion, this saint selected for his habitation a certain cave on a hillside. Now this cave was occupied by a large bear of ferocious aspect; but St. Columban had only to command and, at once, the animal gave up its abode.

In time the saint tamed the bear. It became so obedient that he could hitch it to his plow, and the bear drew the plow as well as any horse or ox.

In art, St. Columban usually appears as a bearded monk, surrounded by wolves or accompanied by a bear.

(N.C. Features)

STRANGE BUT TRUE

"MY BODY TO IRELAND, MY HEART TO ROME, MY SOUL TO GOD" — TESTAMENT OF THE IRISH LEADER, **Daniel O'Connell**, WHO DIED IN GENOA, 1848, ON HIS WAY TO ROME. HIS HEART NOW IN THE IRISH COLLEGE, ROME, MAY BE MOVED TO THE ARA COELI CHURCH.

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE BELL FROM JAPAN RINGS THE CALL TO THE ANNUAL DEPARTURE OF PRIESTS TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONS AT MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK.



When St. Margaret Mary went to enter the Novitiate her brother accompanied her to tell her Reverend Mother that his sister did not like CHEESE!

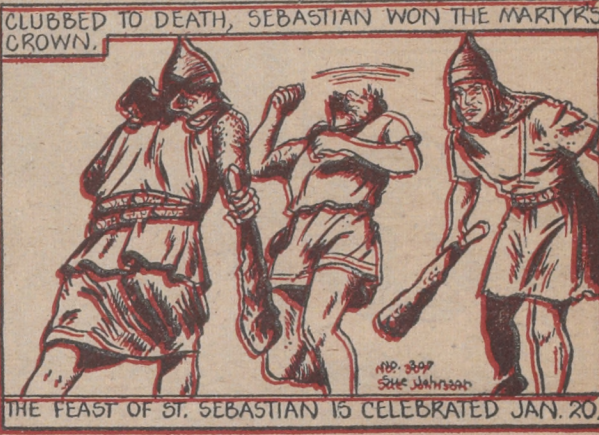


A SCULPTURED LION'S HEAD DECORATES THE FACADE OF SITTARD CHURCH, HOLLAND, COMMEMORATES THE ESCAPED CIRCUS LION WHICH INVADDED THE CHURCH DURING MASS 10 YEARS AGO, BUT DID NO DAMAGE, SETTLED HAPPILY ON THE ALTAR STEPS AND WAS ONLY DRAGGED AWAY RELUCTANTLY.



ST. SEBASTIAN

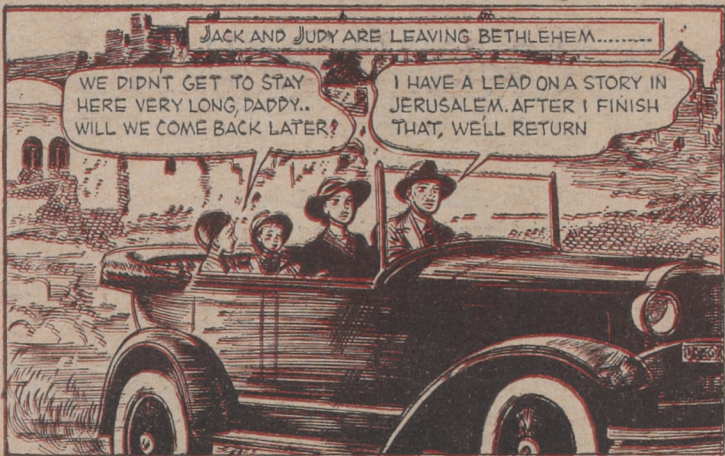
MARTYR



BOZO—



JACK AND JUDY IN BIBLELAND



"The Viper"

By Robert Acomb



CANDY—Madness with reason

By Tom Dorr



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